The
COMMONWEAL

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Thabor and Tennessee

THREE YEARS ago today, on the Feast of the Transfiguration, the first atomic bomb was dropped by Americans on Japanese. Mankind could not have chosen a more absolutely opposite celebration of this particular feast-day, than by the first demonstration of its greatest invention; one can only wonder whether the irony is diabolic or divine.

"He was transfigured before them. And his face did shine as the sun, and his garments became white as snow," Saint Matthew relates. We are sun-machines, the scientists tell us, and all our energies are derived from sunlight stored in carbohydrate or chlorophyll, in coal and oil and iron. But the atomic energy is independent of the sun, and one of the remoter results of atomic radiation, that also liquifies eyes and suppurates flesh, is for the gamma rays to attack the cells in the blood-forming bone, and cause leukemia, so that the whole fleshy garment becomes white indeed.

We hold, at this moment, a stockpile of between 50 and 500 atomic bombs. The cost of only one of the units, required in their manufacture, the electromagnetic plant, was more than that of the Panama Canal; a sum of 350 millions has just been allocated by the Atomic Energy Commission towards the production of bombs, and Dr. Stafford Warren promises that in the next war, America will employ radioactive materials in two ways, in atomic bombs and in radiological warfare, involving radioactive contamination of food and water. The bombs of the future are based on the production of temperatures as hot as the sun, or hotter.

Last week, in UN, the US supported the British in a majority vote to shelve disarmament until agreement could be reached among the big powers on an international police force and on the control of atomic energy. This week, anxious not to go on record as a pessimist, the United States has urged the UN to take up once more the "moribund project of disarmament."

Meanwhile, President Truman has refused to turn over the custody of the completed atomic bombs to the military; and the Atomic Bomb Commission can now hang on to these curious gadgets until after the elections. It is not quite clear why this should be such an issue: is Mr. Truman's repugnance due to a fear the army may do an Adam on him, use the bombs, and then pass the buck with the traditional ". . . . gave me, and I did eat?"

The bombs are getting bigger and better almost hourly. *Business Week* recently carried a series of articles on the industrial uses and potential of atomic energy that ended in a paean of praise for free-enterprise, which has played so tremendous a part in the equipment of Oak-Ridge. Capital and competition have made the commercial possibilities of atomic fission endless.

Atomic energy, like electricity, directly radiates whatever it contacts. It has already affected the lives of millions of human beings, amongst them, the morticians of New Mexico, who have to run special courses of instruction in the use of insulated gloves for handling radio-active corpses. No doubt, the children pulling off the petals of the daisies pushed up by the said corpses will need them too.

"There appeared unto him Moses and Elias talking with him, and Peter, answering, said, 'Lord, it is good for us to be here.'" At this point the conversation was carried to a higher level: "a bright cloud overshadowed them, and a voice spoke out of the cloud, this is my well-beloved son, in whom I am well-pleased."

Here, on one August 6th, we have the highest point humanity, fallen but redeemed, ever reached. The son of man, perfect man, of a reasonable body and soul subsisting (as the Athanasian creed has it) and two wholly human prophets, are transfigured. And in that tremendous conversation Peter, flat on his face and fright-

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ened, still also participates. Three years ago, man, through his discovery of nuclear fission, reached the highest point of power he has hitherto attained. Having harnessed the energy that drives the sun and all the stars, he bypassed the sun, and was able to kill more of his fellowmen at one blow than ever before. Of all Promethean acts this is the most audacious since the Fall. Then Adam took the knowledge he should have waited to be given; now, he has utterly perfected the potential snatched by him in that initial act.

The flash we now produce in our laboratories can set off a chain reaction that may result in an explosion a thousand times as powerful as that which devastated Hiroshima, and already we, like God, have visited our wrath on the third, and fourth, and perhaps umpteenth generation, by the effect of radiation on human genes. Satan has indeed kept his word: Ye shall be as Gods, and God has kept his: thou shalt die the death. Glory of man, misery of man. Thabor, what we are with him, caught up into his glory, co-heirs with Christ; Tennessee, what we are without him, bound in our fatal freedom to its limitless consequences.

Sound-trucks, Showboats, etc.

IT WAS way back that the principal means of disposing of various patent remedies was a county fair barker or a free coat of paint to serve as background for Carter's Little Liver Pills or Fletcher's Castoria in big letters on the red barn near the railroad tracks or the main highway. It is now easier to reach more Americans through the blandishments of radio entertainment or the graphic advertising columns of big-circulation periodicals. As a result the starkest shack is incomplete without a certain complement of widely bruited panaceas. But sales must be approaching a saturation point in this country; in any case there is a drive on to expand in foreign fields.

That is just what some of the biggest American drug companies are doing, according to the *Wall Street Journal,* and doing it by carload lots, with sales at ten times the pre-war level. The removal of I. G. Farben from the competitive scene in Latin America has proved a boon to the largest Yankee patent medicine dispensers.

The fact of success, of course, is not anywhere as interesting as some of the new sales methods. The biggest and oldest firm, Sterling Drug, for instance, has no less than 100 sound trucks cruising around the hinterlands of Latin America and the Orient, their loudspeakers proclaiming the virtues of milk of magnesia, Castoria and other company nostrums. "They distribute samples in far-off towns where few white men have been before." More spectacular still are the showboats which ply up and down the larger South American rivers offering Mickey Mouse and Popeye animated cartoons as bait to people who have never before seen motion pictures. Sometimes there is a more direct tie-in, as when cartons of toothpaste accompany American movies on oral hygiene. Our hucksters have not even missed the trick of giving premiums of picture cards of the Latin Americans' favorite saints for the usual box-top or local store coupon.

It is at this level that Yankee drug peddlers are making the greatest splash, but there are loftier levels. Next step up is the "ethical drug" field. In general, this refers to medicines which are sold on a doctor's prescription. In this case the sales forces converge on the Latin American cities and approach doctors and hospitals in a rather dignified, professional manner. Some of the salesmen are, in fact, technically quite proficient, even able to explain competently to the local doctors how their sulfa drugs, penicillin or atabrine can be ministered or prescribed most effectively. Many of them are native citizens of their own sales territories and a number have been trained in the United States at the expense of the big drug companies, some of which are busily engaged in disposing of fabulous quantities of patent nostrums and "ethical" medicines at one and the same time.

Finally there is the work of foundations, national governments and the UN World Health Organization, attacking the remaining disease threats to mankind. Heading the list are malaria, tuberculosis and venereal disease programs, but there are also such achievements as that of stopping a threatened typhus epidemic in Italy through the American Army's dusting of the populace with DDT and the success of the Rockefeller Foundation in Egypt against an epidemic by the use of anti-cholera vaccine.

The scourge of malaria which yearly reaches three hundred million people can be wiped out in ten years at the present pace, thanks to DDT, atabrine, aralen and other preparations. TB, which harasses another fifty millions, can largely be prevented by a new and harmless type of vaccination. Against syphilis, salvarsan is still the principal remedy, although penicillin and the sulfa drugs have also proved beneficial. Much research remains to be done in the field of tropical diseases.

No one could blame the peoples of Latin America for becoming slightly confused by this wide range of Yankee ministrations. How draw the line between the blatantly hawked patented panacea and the "ethical" stuff which the local store must be persuaded to keep in stock? Toothpaste which is free of noxious ingredients does undoubtedly persuade people to look after their teeth. While the "educational" campaigns waged by the drug companies tend to make conditions on the frontier somewhat more sanitary. This successful peddling of nostrums in the latest manner not only provides most welcome entertainment

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but has by-products which are even more solid. And if it seems that these enterprises are putting on an extraordinary aggregate of high sales pressure, it is hardly palming off rejects on the other fellow. We should remember the quantity of similar nostrums that we take unto ourselves.

Revelations and Serials

THERE are a great many laws about espionage, and treason; there are courthouses all over the country—even in the small towns there is the courthouse, the quiet square, the arching trees, the cars parked all round the square, the church and the drugstore—and, in order to bring people who have broken laws about espionage and treason into the courthouses, there are the army and navy counter-intelligence services, the FBI, the state and city police. These agencies have means of their own by which to discover crimes against the nation and they have this further assistance: a citizen is in duty bound to inform against traitors and spies, and many citizens feel that to do so is not only a duty but a pleasure.

That is the orderly process of crime and punishment in this and in other civilized countries. The soap opera at present being conducted by the Congressional Un-American Activities Committees in Washington is supposedly part of this process. The theory is that the citizens who appear before the Committee are carrying out their duty to inform the senators, so that the senators may inform the police, so that the police may arrest the criminals, and bring them to the courthouse so that they may be judged and freed or sent to jail. That is the theory and it is not a bad one except that to describe it takes a long sentence that sounds like that song about the Lily White Maid in which each time it goes round you add a word until finally it is quite a trick to remember them all and say them in one breath. The theory is a little too complicated; there are too many steps in the process of informing. There is something wrong about the routing, something wrong about the timing.

For instance, take the last three instalments of the serial: the Vassar girl, Mr. Budenz, and the magazine editor. All three say they were communists; Mr. Budenz as editor of the *Daily Worker* was openly a communist. All three abandoned communism. We can best make our point about routing and timing if we forget all about the Vassar girl, whose adventures may or may not have some importance, and consider only Mr. Budenz and Mr. Chambers—two responsible and articulate men.

What are they informing about at this late date? Mr. Chambers left communism in 1937; Mr. Budenz much later. If either had any knowledge of criminal activity it is to be presumed that he transmitted it long ago to the proper authorities. What have the two left to transmit?

There has been a war; there have been all these police agencies. Is it conceivable that Mr. Budenz and Mr. Chambers should have withheld information of importance from the men charged with bringing criminals into the courthouse? Is it conceivable that they should have anything new to say in August, 1948? If they have, then they failed in their duty at the moment when they left communism.

This is not at all likely. What is likely is that there is confusion about the rôle of the Un-American Activities Committee. It is commonly supposed to be a transmitting agency in the process of justice; we prefer to think that it is accomplishing a certain amount of educational work by demonstrating in an attractive and easily assimilated method the ways and habits of communists in this country. It has chosen the popular form of the serial, "billing" each day the star witness of tomorrow. Thus can be explained the presence of Mr. Chambers and Mr. Budenz. The first is a memorialist recalling how things were in Washington during the Roosevelt administration; the second adds another lecture to his many, another chapter to "This Is My Story" (Whittlesey $3.00). On an off-day we suggest readings from Koestler.

All this goes to make a picture, embarrassing to the Democrats, popularly informative, wildly uncritical and disorganized. It is the news in headlines and that is not the best way to read the news. It has almost nothing to do with the function of justice or the serious pursuit of criminals.

Once again, in the columns of testimony published in the papers, there is one detail that lights up the heart of the story. When Mr. Chambers broke with the Party he "tried to get Mr. Hiss away from the Communists." (Alger Hiss is President of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and an ex-official of the State Department.) "I tried to persuade him to break away from this group," Mr. Chambers testified, "he cried when we separated, but he said something about the 'party line' and wouldn't break with the party." With all due respect to Mr. Chambers we have, of course, no way of knowing whether any part of his accusation against Mr. Hiss is true. The matter is not even *sub judice*. But that detail "he cried," invented or not, is artistically true, and the heart of the story is that we will understand nothing about communism if we think of communists only as spies and traitors and blind ourselves to the fact that communism can attract the heart. When an American is held by the communist faith his heart necessarily will be divided. There is this fatal dichotomy. It is resolved intellectually by the communist belief in a future that will merge all nations and races. It is not resolved emotionally because an American is an American and no future can quiet a sense of present treachery.

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Labor and the Elections

John C. Cort

IT MIGHT be said of the labor vote that it is like happiness: everybody is looking for it, but few can define it. Is it the vote of our 60,000,000 jobholders? Is it the vote of the 15,000,000 union members? Is it the vote of a few thousand union officials? Or is it the vote of John L. Lewis, William Green, Phil Murray and a few other big names who represent "Labor" to the American public?

This discussion will proceed on the assumption that the labor vote is the vote of the workers who belong to AFL, CIO, and other bona fide —that is, not company—unions in the United States. We will also take it for granted that the expressed opinions of the leaders of American labor will influence the choices of the rank-and-file.

Union elections are not always the most democratic in the world. Neither are the elections that every year produce a new unanimous choice for president of the National Association of Manufacturers. Nevertheless, if the current head of the NAM were to come out against Thomas E. Dewey in the November elections, it would be reasonable to conclude that he spoke for a considerable number of manufacturers. Unless, of course, the man had suddenly gone out of his mind.

Up until the 30's of this century the labor vote was not a very important factor in national elections. For the simple reason that not very many Americans belonged to labor unions. The present figure of 15,000,000 is still a minority of those eligible to belong, but it is a much higher percentage of the total electorate than the two or three million who formerly made up the labor movement.

Unions also control mediums of agitation and propaganda, and they have recently won recognition by the courts that the Taft-Hartley Act cannot prevent them from supporting or opposing candidates for public office in their union press.

The growing importance of the labor vote was made evident in the four campaigns of the late President Roosevelt. Polls indicated that a large majority of union members backed FDR and that these votes represented a sizable bloc in his winning totals.

The situation this year, however, is very different from the good old days of FDR and his winning smile. Today we have Wallace's Progressive Party, the almost certain victory of the Republicans, and a Democratic Party torn by dissension among Southern rebels, machine politicians and dissatisfied liberals. If even 70 percent of the labor vote could be mobilized behind Truman and Barkley, there would be a good chance of staving off defeat. There are a few reasons why that miracle might yet happen. But there are more reasons why it is not likely to happen.

One of the more prominent reasons is Mr. Wallace and his "third party," which is holding its own Philadelphia convention as this is being written. The papers report that the man who will introduce Wallace when the latter accepts his unanimous nomination will be Albert Fitzgerald, president of the United Electrical Radio & Machine Workers, CIO.

If fellow-traveling Fitz is the best symbol that Wallace can dig up for his alleged "labor support," then he is desperate indeed. And it has been apparent for a long time that he would be. Back in January the executive board of the CIO voted 33 to 11 to denounce the whole third party movement as a reckless adventure playing equally into the hands of Joe Stalin and Joe Reactionary. Of the eleven men who voted for Wallace, every single one represented a union that was owned and operated by adherents of the Communist Party. And that includes Brother Fitzgerald, although Fitz himself, said to be a Catholic, has been content with doing the bidding of the CP and has apparently drawn the line at contributing dues.

In the AFL executive council Wallace got not a single vote. That was to be expected, since the council's troublesome minority is not a communist, but a Republican faction. It is the CIO that has always been looked to as the necessary core of any new progressive party. The opposition of the CIO, which must have been apparent to Wallace when he first started day-dreaming, dooms that party to be the political instrument of the Stalinists, who, outside of a handful of loyal Wallaceites from the Roosevelt administration, represent the only experienced political tacticians amid the starry-eyed amateurs.

The menace of the new party is not the communists, however, who have already kissed it into a serious condition, but the vote-getting power of Wallace himself. Anyone who has seen him speak, with his homespun smile, his honest face, his high-sounding confusions and his insidious half-truths, will recognize that here is a dema-

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gogue in a new and dangerous tradition. A good number of rank-and-file unionists, especially those who are politically unsophisticated, may well be lured away and beguiled by the man's palaver.

Another important reason why the labor vote will probably not go for Truman is the swing toward the Republican Party. It was this swing, which became crystal clear in the Congressional elections of 1946, which was the main factor in stiffening the CIO high command against any third party temptations. Any fool could see—any fool but Henry, that is—that the problem for American progressives in 1948 would be to keep from being wiped out entirely in the halls of Congress and in local legislatures. To split labor votes between two parties was nothing but suicide.

The reasons for the Republican swing are many, but they can mostly be summed up in the failures of the Democratic Party, about which more later, and in the ancient, not very reasonable, but always effective complaint: "The Ins have been in long enough; it's time we gave the Outs a chance."

How union leaders can see their way clear to support the Republican Party in a national election is something which has always baffled the present writer. But some of them have done so, and in this year of probable victory for the GOP, it is likely that the number will be larger than usual. Logic is not one to stand between the human beast and its love for a winner.

Big Bill Hutcheson, czar of the AFL Carpenters, has served as chairman of the labor committee of the Republican Party since anyone can remember. Despite the Taft-Hartley Act he will probably be able to find some excuse to do so again. John L. Lewis, whose Mine Workers are once again traveling the lonesome road, threw his considerable bulk to Willkie in 1940, but then Lewis had been a Republican before.

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There is some sense to this. Lewis and Hutcheson represent a type of oldline American labor leader whose ideas on economics are little removed from the worst kind of *laissez-faire,* 19th century, rugged, Manchester individualism. Business leaders at the 1946 conference of labor-management-government officials said that they had rarely heard a better attack on price control and other forms of economic planning than that delivered by the miners' chief.

Such labor leaders usually come from unions that have the power to paralyze their industries, unions that can get along without the government and that feel themselves so self-sufficient that they don't have to worry about what happens either to their fellow-workers or their fellow-countrymen. In 1933 and '34 the United Mine Workers was down to less than 100,000 members and Lewis's organizers were going through the coal fields yelling, "Roosevelt wants you to join the union." But in 1948 Lewis needs neither Roosevelt nor Truman.

The one big issue on which this mentality is sensitive is the Taft-Hartley Act, because the Taft-Hartley Act applies the principle of government regulation to unions. The fact that the regulations are in many cases unjust only makes it worse. Therefore it is part of the pattern that the *United Mine Workers Journal* should ask Dewey to "come out forthrightly for repeal of the NAM-Taft-Hartley Act, which of necessity means that the Wagner Act, which the NAM-Taft-Hartley Act amends, would go by the boards."

In other words, Lewis, in order to get rid of Taft-Hartley, is now willing to see the loss of a law that for the first time protected the worker's right to organize into unions of his own choosing. And the reason is clear: he has organized 95 percent of the coal miners (and, in his peculiar way, improved their lot no little) and he no longer needs the provisions of the Wagner Act. That is rugged individualism of the most respectable and childish kind.

Dewey will never make such a statement, and it is madness to try to predict what Lewis is going to do at any time. Nevertheless, the chances are that he will at least continue to be anti-Truman. It is the nature of the man to be against the powers that be, especially when they are more powerful than himself.

William Green, president of the AFL, visited the White House shortly after the Republican convention and told newsmen "the AFL will never support the Dewey-Warren ticket." This statement reflected Green's personal loyalty to Truman, which has never wavered even for a sidelong glance at an Eisenhower or a Douglas. It was a perfectly safe statement in any case because the national AFL has not supported a Presidential candidate since 1924 and the elder LaFollette's ill-starred Progressives. It is not likely to break precedent for the Republicans, no matter how cute Warren's daughters may be, and are.

Still, Green's statement had an effect. It immediately produced a counter-statement that was even more sensational. That was one by Lester Hunt, publicity man for the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, AFL, a union of over 1,000,000 members which has more sheer economic power than even Lewis and his miners. Hunt said that his union "did not share Mr. Green's view on the matter."

Hunt pointed out that the union's magazine would support Warren, who was introduced at the Teamster convention in San Francisco recently as "a friend of labor," much to the chagrin of a number of other California labor leaders. Perhaps Hunt did not realize it, but it is impos-

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sible to vote for Warren without also voting for Dewey. The two names will be printed together over the same lever.

The big news in this statement, however, is the fact that Dan Tobin, perennial president of the Teamsters, was undoubtedly behind it. Because Tobin has served as chairman of the labor committee of the Democratic Party almost as long as Hutcheson has served the GOP. For Tobin, who had already refused invitations to be either a speaker or a delegate to the Democratic convention, now to come out for Dewey would be a disaster of the first magnitude.

Accordingly, President Truman invited the peppery old truckdriver to the White House for a chat which lasted one hour and fifteen minutes. It developed that Truman had not seen his labor chairman for two years, a peculiar lapse of political tact in one who was supposed to be wise in the ways of politicians at least.

So now Tobin and the Teamsters may be lured back into the reservation. But the incident is typical of the kind of calves' eyes that AFL leaders are casting toward the Dewey camp. Prominent officials of the New York Federation are leaning toward him and there is even a chance that George Meany, secretary-treasurer of the AFL, may support him privately if not publicly. On the West Coast Dave Beck, the one-man labor movement who is slated to succeed Tobin, will certainly be backing his old friend Warren.

To date no prominent official of the CIO has been seen consorting with either Dewey, Warren or any lesser Republican. Phil Murray, president of the CIO, who swings a powerful lot of weight with his non-communist colleagues, was supposed to be a delegate to the Democratic convention. He did not show up, but he had a good excuse in that he was busily and happily negotiating a third round increase, at last, with US Steel.

It was well-known that the CIO was pushing Eisenhower and/or Douglas as long as there was any hope that either might accept. (Isn't it amazing, by the way, how long that hope endured?) What Murray, Jack Kroll and the other men who will set the policy for the CIO's Political Action Committee think of the Truman-Barkley ticket they have not yet made public, as far as this writer is aware. One thing is sure: they have no other place to go.

But they can always stay home. Whether or not they will do so, go all out for a Democratic victory, or lend mere token support, will depend on how they sift and balance the following factors.

A lot of good people in the labor movement are fed up with the Democrats. Even during Roosevelt's long reign men with union backgrounds were at no time very numerous or important in the party. Even Sidney Hillman was an outsider who belonged to New York's Labor Party.

Then there has always been the vast and meaningless farce that is the Southern Democrats, a group which, when it is not raving about white supremacy, is raving about "New Dealism" in exactly the same accents as a Northern Republican. With a few honorable exceptions.

In the North, on the other hand, we have the big city machines. They are not totally bad by any means. They manage to get men into Congress who vote right 90 percent of the time, if not more so. But in very few cases, and certainly not New York City, are union men prominent in the making of policy. In very few cases are union men consulted in those huddles that come up with the decision that the next Surrogate will be Valente, Impellitteri, Mullen, Hogan or some other eligible Irishman or Italian.

Then there is the corruption, the Costello mobs hovering about, the fixers and the political clubs, which seem to be impregnable against almost any kind of assault from below. Even the best party in the world will probably wind up in the end with political clubs, fixers and huddles, but every now and then men like to start from scratch and pretend that they can get along without such things.

★

When Roosevelt was alive, labor overlooked the seamy and Southern sides. Whatever his faults, he had the capacity to dramatize the idealism, the feeling for social justice, for the poor, that has always been a saving grace of the Democratic Party in the North. But today there is only Truman.

"Only Truman?" The man has shown an amazing ability to bounce up off the canvas, and maybe he can do it again. The same is true of the Democratic Party. At Philadelphia, for the first time in its history, it met the Negro question head on, slugged it out and came up with a decision that thrilled the world. Even an old southpaw like Upton Sinclair was moved to appeal to Henry Wallace to withdraw, saying, "I do not see how you can fight this rededicated Democratic Party."

And Truman's speech was good, very good. It was not entirely free of political sophistries and over-simplifications, but it said the things that cried out to be said, and it said them simply and well. Truman hit the Republicans where they hurt—right in the record of the 80th Congress. He exposed the hypocrisy of their liberal pretensions by spelling out just how and where they had either buried or messed up every important piece of domestic legislation that came before them: housing, civil rights, taxes, social security, minimum wages, labor, education, health

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and so on. He demonstrated why the GOP, no matter what it may say, still remains the rich man's party.

The executive board of the United Auto Workers, CIO (Walter Reuther, president) voted unanimously a few months back to condemn the Wallace movement, but urged the creation of a real "independent labor party" after the elections. There are others who feel the same way. Even the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists (ACTU) passed a resolution at its recent convention in New York which made the point that "the political realignment of the progressive forces" in a third party is "a development which has been needed for many years."

Can the Democratic Party be salvaged as a reliable vehicle for labor and progressive voters? It would be a shame to go to all the trouble of starting a new party if an old one, slightly done over, would do. And there is real danger in a "labor party" that might isolate the trade unions from the rest of the nation.

Truman has recalled Congress, a daring political gamble that could pay off in a complete reversal of the present trend. The labor movement will be watching that special session very closely. What happens there, and the use that is made of what happens there, might well shape the political future of this country for years to come.

On Truman's gamble will be riding much more than the outcome of the November elections. From this corner of the grandstand it looks as though the survival of the Democratic Party as we know it in the North may well be decided in the next three months. These are high stakes.

A Bit of a Purge

IVOR THOMAS

"WAS THE plucking done in public?" said Colonel Pendennis nervously. I should not like to maintain after the lapse of time that these words were used by Thackeray, but from my youth there surges up a recollection of the profound emotion stirred in the bosom of one of Thackeray's characters—I hope for the reputation of my memory it was Colonel Pendennis—when his son announced that he had been "plucked," *scilicet,* had failed in his examinations, at Cambridge.

The Labor Party has been recently having an orgy of public plucking, and the newspaper-reading public has enjoyed it immensely. Expulsion from a political party in these desperate days has come to take the place in the public mind that an *auto da fe* used to hold; and naturally the enjoyment is keenest among the opponents of the party which does the expulsion.

It has all arisen in this way. At the General Election of 1945 the Labor Party was returned with the immense total of 390 seats in a House of Commons of 640 members. Most of these are good honest fellows who ask nothing more than to be told by the Whips how to vote and to be sent home reasonably early each night. But the tidal wave of 1945 swept in with the others a small number of fellow-travelers whose heart is not really in the Labor Party but in the Communist Party. Their credentials were not properly examined in 1945, some of them were not known or had not revealed themselves, and in some cases few people thought, until the poll was declared, that they had much chance of getting in. Estimates of their numbers vary, but I should put the number of real fellow-travelers at not more than six—not many in a party of 390—though 20 or 30 may be prepared to travel with them for part of the distance or on certain excursions. Since they got in they have made a tremendous nuisance of themselves, especially to Mr. Ernest Bevin in the conduct of British foreign policy. They have systematically sought to compel him to march in step with the foreign policy of Moscow, using particularly for this purpose the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Labor Party, questions and speeches in the House, and the Labor Party Annual Conference. The Labor Party does not want to travel the Moscow road; it is at least as strongly opposed to communism as the Conservative Party, and is hated by the Communists more than the Conservative Party, as the Labor Party has in its hands the levers it would like to control. On every occasion when the matter has come to the vote, the fellow-travelers have been overwhelmingly routed, and feeling against these irritants within the party was rising.

An incident in the Italian elections brought matters to a head. On Friday, April 16, the Press announced that thirty-seven Labor members of Parliament had sent to Signor Nenni, leader of the Socialists who were standing with the Communists in the (not-so) Popular Front, a telegram of good wishes for his success. This proved the last straw. It may seem strange that this incident should have had more effect than any other, but the straw that breaks the camel's back may easily be lighter than many burdens it has already borne; and in this case there was probably an element of guilty conscience at Transport House, the headquarters of the Labor Party. Until a few months previously Transport House had itself maintained relations with Signor Nenni's party, even after his entry into the Popular Front. This was due to inertia more than conviction, and perhaps to a hope that the Italian Socialists would repudiate Signor Nenni's leadership. But early in 1948 the Labor Party took its decision, broke with Signor Nenni, and trans-

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ferred its blessing to the Independent Socialists led by Signor Saragat and Signor Lombardo. The rupture of Signor Lombardo with Signor Nenni was probably another factor in the decision, as Signor Saragat is a little too "intellectual" for Transport House, and Signor Lombardo is more after their conception of a mass leader. The transfer of the blessing was accomplished by two nuncios sent from Transport House to Rome, Mr. Morgan Phillips, general secretary of the party, and Mr. Denis Healey, its International Secretary, and a letter from Mr. Phillips to Signor Lombardo played a prominent part in the election.

It was this decision, and as I have hinted perhaps also the lateness of the decision, which made the telegram of the 37 Labor members so offensive to Labor Party headquarters. Some action had to be taken, but little action in Italy was possible. The telegram was sent on Friday, April 16; the elections were on Sunday, April 18. It was denounced at once by Transport House, but neither the telegram nor the denunciation could have had any effect in Italy. It was important only as an act of defiance of Labor Party headquarters and Labor foreign policy by a group of members, and was at once treated as such.

It was immediately established that the person who had been mainly responsible for collecting the names was Mr. Platts-Mills, Labor member for Finsbury and he did not seek to deny it. Curiously he is a New Zealander; I say curiously, as he is probably the only New Zealander whom the British people has not taken warmly to its bosom. He went up to Balliol College, Oxford, as a Rhodes scholar, took a First Class in Law, and has since been practicing as a barrister. He is 41 years of age, and has always been as far to the left as it has been possible to go while keeping within the Labor Party.

Then strange things began to happen. Members whose names had appeared on the telegram began to deny that they had given their consent. Some said they thought they were sending a message to the Saragat Socialists. (Of course, such persons should not really send telegrams abroad, but there it is.) A group of Labor members led by Mr. Raymond Blackburn then put down a motion asking for a Select Committee to inquire into the circumstances in which members' names had been alleged to have been added to a telegram without their consent. Mr. Churchill and the Conservatives could have kicked themselves for not thinking of this themselves, and when Mr. Blackburn and his friends showed no inclination to press it, they did put down an identical motion. But Mr. Herbert Morrison, as leader of the House of Commons, stoutly maintained that it was an internal Labor Party affair, and that the Labor Party did not want any Conservatives washing its dirty linen.

Having taken this line, the Labor Party leader had to proceed to strong action. The National Executive Committee of the party met, and, having heard Mr. Platts-Mills and others, decided to expel him from the party, to take no action with regard to fifteen of the alleged signatories, and to require from the remaining twenty-one a written undertaking not to take such action again.

It was made clear that Mr. Platts-Mills was expelled, not simply for organizing this telegram, but for his general conduct over the past two years of which this was the culmination. This was wise, for when the matter came to be probed the National Executive did not have a watertight case on the Nenni telegram. It appeared that they could point to no statement published in their authority to the effect that the Labor Pary had broken relations with Nenni, though everyone knew this to be in fact the case. The offenders blandly maintained that they could not expect to be thought-readers. Moreover the offenders included some members who had been in the Labor Party almost as long as it had been in existence, and these were now being asked to refrain from conduct in which they had never indulged. It was the old question, "Will you leave off beating your mother-in-law?" Furthermore, if the expulsion was for conduct over the past few years, it was not easy to see why Mr. Platts-Mills should go out and certain others, notably Mr. Zilliacus, remain in.

This could not be the end of the matter. The rebels had some support in the country, martyrdom always wins more support, and the above circumstances increased it. The matter had to be reported to the Annual Conference of the Labor Party, due to meet at Whitsun, and the National Executive, remembering the adage *media via tutissima,* sought a scapegoat for the Nenni-goats —as the offenders were conveniently called. There were a whole host of scapegoats available, almost equal in number, in the twenty-seven Labor members who had gone to the Conference on European Union at The Hague despite the strong advice of the National Executive not to do so. But the National Executive would not have been on good ground in disciplining them. They included some of the loyalest supporters of the Government, their action was in accord with Government policy, it was well known that several leading members of the Cabinet would have favored official Labor representation at The Hague, and the National Executive's "advice" had come months after all the plans to go were made. Another Right-wing scapegoat was found in Mr. Alfred Edwards, Labor member for East Middlesborough, the big steel town. For a long time past Mr. Edwards has been saying that the nationalization of the steel industry, to which the Labor Party committed itself in its 1945 pro-

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gramme, would be unwise, and that, if it were done, it should be done merely by purchase of the shares of the existing companies so as to leave the structure unchanged. It cannot be denied that Mr. Edwards has been seeking a martyr's crown for a long time. The National Executive decided to give him one, and, having heard his case, expelled him also from the party. Having thus kicked out one member on the Left and another on the Right, the Executive faced the Annual Conference cheerfully, and the Conference approved its action without allowing the expelled members to state their case, and, indeed, without debate. When Mr. Churchill's motion for a Select Committee came up in the House, the Government secured an easy defeat for it—though it must be confessed that as a result of the debate the question who signed what is more confused than ever.

Communications

NEW DEAL

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I am obliged to you for sending me copy of Edward S. Skillin's article, "Good Riddance." (July 30.)

The New Deal did not accomplish everything it hoped. But if tomorrow all the New Deal work were canceled, the result would convince everyone of the necessity of meeting the problems involved. More important, no President and no Congress can again take the narrow view of the responsibility of the Federal Government in economic and social matters which prevailed before 1932.

A. A. BERLE, JR.

SEPARATED CHRISTIANS

Newport, R. I.

TO the Editors: I don't think I have enjoyed any article so much as I did that of Fr. Reinhold's on "Scandal of Separated Christians." Though he felt that Americans would be shocked by some of the statements I believe that a great many Catholic Americans are ready to try and understand and then work with those of other denominations. We work and play, visit and cooperate in so many ways that Catholics and non-Catholics in America are more closely tied together than some church leaders think. Given encouragement and leadership—such as that of Archbishop Cushing and Bishop Wright of Boston—in approaching this admittedly thorny problem, much of the prejudice and misunderstanding will melt away. Again it is a question of proper leadership, a leadership that grasps the changing times, a leadership that can integrate old principles in a new order.

Your readers may be interested in a similarly powerful article on the same subject published in *Eastern Churches Quarterly* Jan.-April, 1947 issue. It is by Dr. Joseph Lortz.

ALBERT J. MCALOON.

CIVIL LIBERTIES AND MUNDT-NIXON

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: In his letter opposing Christopher Emmet on the Mundt-Nixon Bill (July 23) Daniel G. Marshall quotes Mayor William O'Dwyer of New York as follows:

> It is not impossible to imagine a situation where a Ku Klux administrator, in some local community that is hostile to a Catholic minority, might declare a Catholic organization subversive, disloyal, or subservient to a foreign domination. This may seem improbable, but the proposed bill opens the door, and opens it wide, to just such fantastic possibilities.

Mr. O'Dwyer has chosen the *mot juste*—"fantastic"—at least if he is talking about the Mundt-Nixon Bill. It is not fantastic, of course, to imagine a local Ku Klux administrator declaring a bona-fide Catholic group to be subversive; what is fantastic is to imagine the Attorney General of the United States making that finding, and persuading the Supreme Court that it was supported by the *preponderance of evidence,* as the Mundt-Nixon bill requires.

When the Mundt-Nixon Bill declares that Congress finds the Communist Party to be the tool of a foreign power intent upon subverting the Government of the United States and setting up a totalitarian dictatorship, it is declaring something that to all intelligent men is as evident as the sunlight. To argue that because Congress has made a finding of evident fact, it *might* make a finding of evident nonsense, is, in Mayor O'Dwyer's eminently correct phrase, fantastic. Rational men guide their conduct by the reasonably foreseeable consequence of their action; no one would ever do anything if he were to be restrained by fantastic possibilities.

There are governments, of course, which have "found" the Catholic Church to be disloyal and subversive, and to be under the domination of a foreign power—or perhaps two foreign powers, the Vatican and the United States. And the *Daily Worker* is unwearying in its adulation of these governments.

Whatever value the other arguments against the Mundt-Nixon Bill may have, this particular argument about the danger it presents to Catholics has none at all.

The Reverend CHARLES KEENAN, S.J.
Managing Editor, America.

"THE KING AND THE CORPSE"

Stone Ridge, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I am sorry to see that my good friend and benefactor, Father H. A. Reinhold, gives further currency in your pages (July 23) to the *canard* about C. G. Jung—"who once supposedly sympathized with the philosophy of nazism." I will not load your columns with the actual facts and documents in the case: they have already been collected and soberly examined by Ernest Harms in the *Psychiatric Quarterly* of April, 1946. We have only to read Dr. Jung's own brilliant essay on *"Wotan,"* and his acute diagnosis of Hitler and

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Hitlerism in his *"Aufsätze zur Zeitgeschichte,"* to see that his attitude to the nazi myth is and was the diametric opposite to Hitler's.

Even more unjust than this sly innuendo is Father Reinhold's crack about Bollingen, which he strangely lumps together with Gide, Koestler, Nietzsche and Hitler. This "Swiss sanctum of Freud's counterpart [sic] Jung" is, he tells us, "financed by tired heirs." Your readers who may be led to envisage a luxurious palace or exotic temple consuming bonanzas poured in by decadent scions of Croesus may be surprised to learn that "Bollingen" is no more than a tiny, rural lakeside cottage which lacks the most elementary of modern conveniences. There for several months of the year live the seventy-two-year-old Dr. Jung and his wife, without servants, electricity, gas, indoor sanitation or any more water than can be pumped and carried by their own hands. There they cook their own meals, do their own chores, chop their own fuel, grow their own vegetables, write their own books: in short, earn their own modest living without the smallest need of high finance from heirs tired or other. I have no wish to publicize these trivial domestic intimacies, of which I happen to have been the witness and sharer: I am painfully aware that such publicity must be distasteful to my hosts. But Father Reinhold's highly imaginative intrusion compels me to record that the holy poverty and simplicity of living that I have found at Bollingen might shame many a cloister or rectory. I am tempted also to add that I have seldom found such faith in Israel.

But perhaps it is not the "Swiss sanctum" but the Bollingen Foundation in New York that is "financed by tired heirs?" If so, surely Father Reinhold should have said so. For my part I have observed no "tiredness" among either the administrators or backers of the Foundation: on the contrary I have found much enviably lively but sober and painstaking zeal. There may be better ways of disposing of an inheritance than by "enabling impoverished scholars to conduct research into the unexplored or forgotten sources of human motivation with a view to the healing of the ills of our time." There are certainly worse.

May I add a few words about Father Reinhold's strictures on Professor Zimmer's posthumous, "The King and the Corpse"—of which these personalities were the somewhat remote occasion? Zimmer told us in his Introduction that his book was for the *dilettante*—for him who finds *diletto* (delight) "in re-reading the well-known symbols of life: the proportion of his delight to his quarrelsome righteousness." It is perhaps Father Reinhold's loss that he seems provoked to less delight than quarrelsome righteousness; few readers of the book can fail to regret that Zimmer marred his capital, forthright story-telling with the imprint of his personal preferences and prejudices. (How pathetically his trite, small-town Protestant clichés spoil the strong Catholic legend of John Chrysostom—that medieval, "The Heart of the Matter" which perhaps inevitably evokes the same incomprehensions as those aroused by Graham Greene!) Incidentally, nobody has emphasized more strongly than Dr. Jung the immense dangers to Westerners of absorption in Far Eastern mythology and practices at the expense of their own inheritance. Perhaps had Zimmer lived to prepare his scattered manuscripts and drafts for press these alien and distracting elements would have been eliminated. But your reviewer might at least tell the world what a capital story teller (or reteller) he was. Your readers deserve to know, for instance, how lucidly and coherently, how vividly yet economically, with what *contemporaneous relevance* he retells the Arthurian romances—that labyrinthine despair of the literati and the antiquarians. With what modesty and what success he conceals the vast store of learning and the immense apparatus of critical research which underlie his plain yarn-spinning!

But of course Father Reinhold's comments hit the mark—but then disappointingly he evades the consequences. It is precisely and profoundly true that "post-Christian despair meets Asia's thought"—though the latter, as Zimmer is at pains to show, was the reverse of despairing. He fears that "Koestler, Nietzsche, Hitler" may become prophets: can he not see the prophetic lessons of their very different lives and deaths and writings being fulfilled right now before our eyes? He fears that at some future date "Shiva or Merlin will only dance for us." That were harmless enough entertainment, surely? Dr. Jung, on the other hand, has helped some of us to see that what menaces our culture, our professed Christianity, even our professed Christian heresies, our "reason, our Western, Jewish, Medieval rationalized clarity," our world peace and our individual sanity, the very existence of our race, is that right here and now Western man is—on the contrary—dancing for Shiva and Merlin. He dances for them blindly and inevitably just because his boasted rationalism forbids him to acknowledge their existence; because he has become unconscious of the colossal forces which they represent and which must consequently overpower him; because, in the dull jargon of psychology, what is unconscious must needs be introjected or projected. Shiva—or Dionysos or Wotan or Who-have-you—dances not only in Nietzsche or Hitler or Sartre (or Cab Calloway or Lake Success or a Philadelphia Convention). May we not see the fascinating Dance of Shiva fairly jitterbugging through Father Reinhold's own review: from the blind yet sly thrusts of his venom-tipped sword, through the fine crescendo of his indignant prose, to the magnificent *lapsus calami* of a surrealist Hegeira with its Medina in the Rhineland and its Mecca in London? (There is of course no such thing as a lapsus for a god—or a psychologist; and an Englishman must come to America to learn that "it *all* began in England"). If Merlin only *would* dance for us; but on the contrary we are spellbound by the ancient fascination of the figure of the magician; having delivered ourselves hand and foot to the sorcery of his technique, we are being hurtled to destruction—and willy-nilly to destroy with our own hands every vestige of the past and any possibility for a future for our race on this planet.

Again, so what? Jung says in effect: Beware! *Be aware* of the mighty forces which in fact rule your lives:

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whether you call them gods or demons or archetypes or partial-psychic-systems. Be conscious of the powers that are the actual determinants of your conduct, your depressions and exaltations, your world: notwithstanding your amiable professions of Christianity or Rationality or Liberalism or Agnosticism. They will assuredly have you if you will not have them. Only so can you be free from their destructive tyranny. Dreams and mythologies, being nearer to them, will teach you more of their ways and characters than enlightened scientists or clergymen who deny their very reality. Perhaps the imaginary Heroes, Arjuna or Ulysses or Sir Gawain, being spontaneous products of the human soul, may show you how they may be overcome; as Nietzsche and Hitler can certainly show you how they may overcome you. One thing you cannot do: you cannot think them out of existence. Without the devil and without antichrist your Christian Gospel and creeds make no sense—with your contemporaries, schooled to deny the reality of the former and bored stiff with the latter. Are not *you* the "tired heirs" of a vital faith that has often become an irrelevant ideology? But evade these forces you cannot: they are destroying your peace of mind and the peace of your world, neurosis is epidemic and rapidly becoming a normality. Call these devils if you will: but in the manner of an earlier and more robust theology, you must give the devil his due—his very great due. Else they will destroy you and compel you to destroy: they may even push the pens of pious priests.

Father Reinhold talks rather of the "tremendous jobs the thinkers on Christ's side have to do." Doubtless that is a more excellent way. But can we think as Christians if we do not acknowledge the pagan feelings which so commonly actuate us: the raving Hitler, the despairing Sartre, the frenzied dancing Shiva, the aimlessly wandering Wotan within us each and all? Must we not actually hinder the recapitulation of *all* things in Christ so long as we see Him on another *side* from the Legends of the Grail, from the Vedas and Puranas, from the existentialists—even from Nietzsche or Hitler? The spirit of antichrist is indeed abroad on every *side,* but He remains in the *center,* anti-none. To think with Him we must endeavor, with His grace, to be with Him and love with Him, taking no sides and fearing none.

VICTOR WHITE, O.P.

Notre Dame, Ind.

TO the Editors: My sincere apologies to Professor Jung. The *"canard"* was sold me by a magazine called "Prevent World War III" of recent vintage. This was my only source of information. Father White's dance of truth has, as I think, undone the bad impression I have given, for which I am truly sorry.

That is the only apology I have to offer. For the rest I wish to disagree. Without Father White's own interpretation Zimmer's book does not mean what Father White makes it mean.

It "all did not only start in England" (Father White means Marxism) by the accident that London offered Karl Marx a shelter, but as far as I know the facts and statistics on which he based "Das Kapital" and much more were gathered from the English scene. The continent was too far behind to be useful. There are a few more "cracks" of Father White's which I prefer to pass in silence in the interest of de-venomized relations with a dear and cheerful guest.

As I said: I was not reviewing a collection of beautiful legends, but a wilful and dangerous attempt of one interpreter who promised us a philosophy of life. Father White's letter is an entirely new book. He should write it. I am sure he would be successful.

The Reverend H. A. REINHOLD.

AMERICAN POLICE STATION

Shanghai, China.

TO the Editors: I have some questions to ask you which have asked Indian consul. He answered on 1 March. "The first and third question in Indian police station can't do it absolutely." But I think. There are many nations in the world, each have different customs. America is the great republic. American newspapers and magazines is the place where serve humanity very kindly. So that I wish you giving me a satisfied answer that I am very thanks!

1. American police station can't dig many holes in wall to listen people's personal speech?
2. American police station can't put medicine in people's meal which may get cold, break corpuscle, and make other ills?
3. American police station can't frighten people to recognize breaking the law but he never do it?
4. American police station can't command dispensary to sell medicines which contain other things?
5. American police station can't use hypnotic medicine for into people's room in night?
6. American police station can't put medicines in water tube it covered by wall?
7. American police station can't order market to sell the foods which contain medicines?
8. American police station can't make the plan to delay people's disease time?

For the Chinese Friend
HUANG TIEN MIN.

THE questions concerning "medicine" somewhat elude us. The "American Police station" has been known to resort to such appliances as the lie detector and there is a drug that breaks down inhibitions. We may say to Mr. Min, for transmission to his Chinese friend, that we oppose any such invasion of the soul by mechanical means. We find this letter extremely touching and we wish we could reply as did the Indian consul: "can't do it absolutely," to questions 1 and 3. In America we do not dig holes in walls; we use microphones, tap telephones and sometimes the law grants permission but sometimes it is done without a warrant merely because it is convenient and then it is an abuse of police power. The answer to 3 is that American Police Station can and does. The general answer to this oriental expression of trust in American justice is that we too trust in it as an ideal and measure our failings by that ideal—never justifying them. THE EDITORS.

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CATHOLIC INTERNATIONAL NEWS

PIUS XII ON COLONIES

Rome, 7/27 (CIP)—Referring to the far-reaching changes which are now taking place in the relations between the colonial and colored peoples and the Western world, *Pope Pius XII* declared: "No one will deny that a necessary evolution will be accomplished. It is to be desired, however, that it will take place in order, justice, and mutual understanding—in one word, in charity." This statement was made in a letter which *Monsignor G. B. Montini,* Acting Secretary of State at the Vatican, addressed on the Pope's behalf to the 35th Session of the "Social Study Weeks" of the French Catholics, held at Lyons from July 19 to 26. "Overseas People and Western Civilization" was its theme.

"The unprecedented catastrophe which we have just left behind us," the Pope's letter declared, "has not only greatly threatened our civilization, but has also caused among the overseas peoples, even those living very far away, such a concussion and fermentation that the consequences are incalculable. Many nations have been awakened to a life of independence. Their participation in the world conflict has made them conscious of their potentialities.

"That thirst for emancipation, however, which is often accompanied by violence, is not without danger if one considers the weakening of the Western powers whose position and whose vocation as messengers of the Gospel conferred upon them the task of being elder sisters to the continents 'remaining in darkness and in the shadow of death.' . . .

"There has never been, of course, any question that there should be uniformity between the civilizations or that they should all be leveled down to one common civilization. The letter which the Holy See addressed to the 28th Social Study Week at Versailles (in 1936) pointed out that 'History proves to what extent the Church has always respected the distinctive characteristics and the particular and legitimate contributions of each civilization. The new conditions under which Western influence will have to be exercised henceforth on the overseas peoples who are in full fermentation will perhaps compel the responsible powers to pay more attention to their ethnic particularities and to attach greater importance to the aspirations of the natives towards just social progress, which is also required by the dignity of the human person. In the past, colonization has too often been selfish and inspired by purely material motives. . . ."

PUERTO RICAN BOYS' TOWN

San Juan de Puerto Rico, 7/22 (CIP)—The first three buildings of Puerto Rico's Boys' Town, which is now being built at Dorado, P. R., are nearing completion, the Catholic weekly, *El Piloto,* has just announced. One building is a dormitory, another a school, the third one contains the kitchen and the dining hall. According to present plans, Boys' Town will have a total of twenty-nine buildings.

Writing in the daily newspaper, *El Mundo, Angel Cruz Cruz,* a well-known Puerto Rican journalist, praised the educational principles of the Salesian Fathers who are going to be in charge of the Dorado Boys' Town. "The Salesian system of education," he wrote, "is based on the three principles of love, goodness, and joy."

DUTCH ELECTIONS

The Hague, 7/21 (CIP)—While the Dutch elections of July 7 resulted in a moderate swing to the right, the country's two largest political forces, the Catholic People's Party and the Labor Party, were pushed slightly to the left because both of them lost their right wings and received new votes from the left. In an analysis of this feature of the elections, KNP, the Dutch CIP affiliate, pointed out that the Catholic People's Party lost more than 62,000 votes to the Welter Group, named after the former Minister of Colonies, *Charles Welter,* who left the party because of his opposition to the Government's Indonesian policy and to the Catholic cooperation with the Labor Party. At the same time, however, KNP stated, the Catholic People's Party increased its total vote by almost 65,000 and maintained its representation of 32 seats (out of 100) in the Second Chamber. This indicates that many of those Catholics who two years ago voted for the Labor Party cast their ballots this time for the Catholic People's Party.

RELIGIOUS SITUATION IN RUSSIA

Paris, 7/29 (CIP)—The printing shop of the Holy Synod of the Russian Orthodox Church, for the printing of liturgical books and seminary textbooks, which has been repeatedly mentioned in news releases from the Soviet Union, "has not yet been established," *Archbishop Photius* of Odessa and Kherson declared here in an interview. He added: "It is hoped that it will be reestablished as soon as the necessary space has been vacated at the Troize Sergievska Lavra (Monastery) near Moscow. Typographical equipment is available but we cannot start work before it has been transferred to the Monastery which will also shelter the Moscow Theological Academy, which is at present at the Novodievitchi Monastery."

Archbishop Photius also disclosed some figures about the two dioceses under his jurisdiction. In the Odessa Diocese, he declared, there are 238 parishes with one priest each, 22 of these in the city of Odessa. In addition, he said, there are several parishes without a resident priest; these are being cared for by priests from neighboring parishes. The Odessa Diocese has a theological seminary and a convent with 90 nuns in the city, the Archbishop stated, as well as 2 monasteries outside the city. The Kherson Diocese, he explained, numbers 124 parishes with resident priests, 6 of these in the city of Kherson, as well as some parishes without priests. The Archbishop referred also to the Miraculous Icon of the Blessed Virgin of Kasperov, at Uspenski Cathedral, Odessa. Attendance at religious services is large, especially on Sundays, the Archbishop stated.

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The Screen

Pour le Sport

MOST OF OUR leading characters this week indulge in crime as if they didn't quite know what they were getting into. Their various primrose paths will hold your interest—and fortunately not inspire you to do any high-class treading.

In *"So Evil My Love,"* Ann Todd, as a missionary's widow who falls so desperately in love with a crook (Ray Milland) that she lets him corrupt her, even has scruples every now and then while she goes about her wicked business. This business consists mainly of further corrupting her alcoholic friend (Geraldine Fitzgerald) so that Ann and Ray might blackmail her husband; it leads, alas, to the murder of the husband, a crime for which the befuddled Geraldine is blamed. As a study in evil, this picture, based on a novel by Joseph Shearing, has a fascination that is emphasized by the contrasts in the Victorian settings and also by the fine acting of the two leading women. The men are less interesting; however, lurking in the shadows is Leo G. Carroll, a very good actor who has little to do as a detective except lurk. Director Lewis Allen might have helped his film a great deal by speeding up its pace and by cutting a little of its extraneous material. I wouldn't have him cut a single one of Miss Todd's scenes, however, for it is her excellent portrayal of decline and fall that gives the movie its point.

Rosalind Russell also gives an outstanding portrait of a woman involved in crime. Having committed a murder under circumstances that definitely point to manslaughter more than intended crime, this woman makes the mistake of covering up instead of going at once to the police. Her problem from then on is really one of conscience. The acting (of not only Miss Russell but also a good supporting cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Leo Genn, Claire Trevor and others) and the main problem make *"The Velvet Touch"* a picture to see. Its defects appear in the working out of the story. Although Leo Rosten's screenplay is unusually well writen, it is almost too full of contrived situations; and the big climax (that expects us to believe that even a famous actress such as the one played by Miss Russell could undergo the nervous strain brought on by this murder and still rehearse for "Hedda Gabler" and give the most magnificent performance of her career) pleads too hard that we check our brains some place. During this season of heat and humidity you may be glad to check your brains in an air-cooled theater. If you do you'll find the crisp entertaining qualities in "The Velvet Touch" quite relaxing.

The same cannot be said of *"Ruthless,"* which is a plodding study of a man who gets ahead no matter whom he steps on in the getting. I got a little lost in the film's plottiness as the man (Zachary Scott) went on and on plowing people under. I also got lost in the verbose script which has a great deal to do with stocks and bonds and high finance and low morals. Among the women who suffer by Scott's ruthlessness are Diana Lynn (who plays two rôles, a device that adds to the confusion), Lucille Bremer and Martha Vickers. Louis Hayward and Sydney Greenstreet also pay in various ways for Scott's dubious rise to the top of the money pile. Some of these people obviously deserve the shoving around they get; others get shoved around, ready or not. If you like a long, slow lecture on the fact that it's only money, "Ruthless" could be your medicine.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Nicholas Berdyaev

HELEN ISWOLSKY

AS I WRITE these lines,* Berdyaev's last letter, written only two days before his death lies before me. The small, neat handwriting, so typical of a scholar, is firm and unwavering; the wording brief, but friendly, courteous, unassuming. It is difficult to believe that this is his last letter, and not just one of the many little notes he sent his friends, on half sheets of paper, containing only a few sentences, but crammed with ideas, packed with dynamism, as was his conversation. It is difficult to believe that never again will this conversation be resumed. Berdyaev's death is a great and irreparable blow to the friends who loved him. But he has also been mourned and will long be regretted by men who did not know him personally, but, through reading his books came to know him as he was.

At the Geneva Conference (one of his last public appearances) he impressed his audience as a patriarch, a wise man, almost a prophet standing on the borderline between two great historical periods. Indeed, Berdyaev belongs both to the pre-war and to the post-war era. As he wrote in the "New Middle-Ages" many years ago, the night was to grow darker and darker over Europe, over the world. Of this he wrote again in 1945: "Contemporary man is confronted by the deepening of darkness." But both in the pre-war and in the post-war days, he knew that "the darker the night, the brighter the stars," and "that light could be kindled in the darkness." Because of this deep realization both of the darkness and of the light that may be kindled, Berdyaev is essentially a man of our time. He is linked to all that this 20th century was pregnant with from the beginning: the "mists" of wars and "blizzards" of revolution, of which the Russian symbolist poets spoke at the opening of that century. He is the last of these tragic figures of pre-revolutionary Russian intelligentsia, who entered heroically that world of mists and blizzards, in order to explore what lay beyond them.

Thus one may say that with Berdyaev a great generation of Russians has come to an end. But there is something more that is gone with him, something much more than we perhaps realized when he still

* Author's Note: This is a brief meditation at Berdyaev's grave, by one who knew him many years; it is not and cannot be a detailed discussion of his extremely complex works, but only a few reflections on what Berdyaev meant to us.

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lived among us. Berdyaev was the last representative of a Russian spiritual family, whose ancestor belongs to the early 19th century. Indeed it was at that time that the Russian thinker Peter Chaadayev wrote his famous essays called "The Philosophical Letters," the first essays on Russia's religious destinies. Chaadayev's portrait, showing a bald, austere and pensive gentleman, in a high collar and black tie, hung in Berdyaev's study in Clamart. However much Berdyaev differs from his romantic ancestor, they both belong to that realm of research so deeply investigated by Russian thinkers: the philosophy of history (not according to Hegel, but according to the prophets, the Gospels and Revelation.) Berdyaev belongs indeed to this lineage of religious philosophers who after Chaadayev, produced Khomyakov, Dostoyevsky and Soloviev. Indubitably Berdyaev is a direct descendant of these 19th century thinkers; he is even a contemporary of Soloviev, who died at the turn of the century, when Berdyaev started his journey into the Russian night.

Let us, however, not forget that this journey began by the descent into the depths of Marxism, newly imported to Russia. Berdyaev was a Marxist in his youth, but like his friend Serge Bulgakov, the future priest and great Orthodox theologian, he soon rejected Marxism and turned to Dostoyevski and Soloviev. Indeed, spiritually he was born from them and not from Marx. He was one of them, not only in his mind and soul, but also in his way of life, his intellectual habits, his family tradition and even in his physical aspect: the massive head with the leonine mane and the beard streaked with grey, the bright intent black eyes, under the shaggy eyebrows, the delicate, expressive, animated features, all proved him to be a typical Russian gentleman of the spirit. His home in Clamart still retained that atmosphere one finds in Russian plays and novels: the dining-room, the hall, the garden always full of people "dropping in for a few minutes"; actually they would linger on and on, raising innumerable intellectual and spiritual problems, sailing on stormy seas of struggle, doubt, the search for truth.

We had grown so accustomed to Berdyaev's appearance, gestures, speech, methods of work and relaxation that we never realized how extraordinary was this survival in him of the golden age of Russian culture. Indeed it was incredible that such a man imbued with the Russian 19th century spirit should in the nineteen thirties or nineteen forties walk the Paris streets, ride in buses and on subways, go to movies, listen to the radio. For all these things Berdyaev did just as we did ourselves; he was profoundly human, and absolutely unpretentious. And none of us recognized in him sufficiently a spirit which was not like our own, a spirit born of cosmic storms and touched by tongues of fire. Incredible that Berdyaev during the most important decades of his life should have lived in that little town of the French "banlieu," so unlike Dostoyevsky's Petersburg. And hardly understandable, why this man of Russian "blizzards" should have suffered under German occupation in France and been visited by the Gestapo, after having many years ago been arrested by the Tcheka in Moscow. Hardly understandable, unless we see in this sequel of events the symbol of the twofold character of Berdyaev's destiny. He was torn from Russia together with his roots, because he was to belong also to Europe. "A true Russian," wrote Dostoyevsky, "has two fatherlands—Russia and Europe. . . . To become a true Russian means perhaps (finally) to become the brother of all men, a universal man."

Had Berdyaev remained in Russia he would not have fulfilled his destiny. He would have enriched the religious culture of his own land and received for his heritage the Russian Orthodox tradition only. He would have never absorbed the spiritual climate of the West, which he inevitably did, consciously or unconsciously. He would not have been informed directly and constantly of the work pursued by Western religious thinkers: the Catholics with Jacques Maritain, the Protestants with Karl Barth. He could agree or disagree with them, that is another matter; but he could not ignore them nor they him. One might say that through his life in exile, Berdyaev faced the West, and the West through him faced Russia. Perhaps this was the first time such an encounter truly face to face took place in the spiritual sphere of European life. Dostoyevsky came to Europe, lived and wrote in European cities, but was never involved in Europe's fate. To Russia came Joseph de Maistre, even exercised a certain influence on Russian intellectual and religious circles; but this was no interchange of spiritual values, only a confrontation, a staking of value against value. Berdyaev was dramatically involved, he became actually part of Western religious culture. Thanks to Berdyaev there was an exchange of values, an interpenetration of Russian and West European religious ideas, which can be traced throughout these last twenty years. He is quoted by Catholic and Protestant authors and he quotes them, and knows them well.

However, during those long years of exile Berdyaev, of course, never lost his own national spiritual traits, but continually stressed and even overstressed them. But the Russian religious and social crisis he discussed in his early works had gradually become a world crisis. Economics versus God, the deep scars of social injustice, idolatry of the State and of the leader, the desperate search of a new ideology and of a new order, ending in tyranny—these issues were now raised all over the world, and Berdyaev is intimately linked with all men who tried to overcome the crisis. He began speaking of it almost unceasingly throughout his writings. He also went on speaking a great deal about Russia, about the Russian revolution and Russian Marxism, about the Russian Christ, which was to overcome Atheistic Communism. Thus, there are two main themes in his work, and the titles of his books are typical from this point of view: his great book on Dostoyevsky, a true key to the understanding of Dostoyevsky's philosophical and religious thought, could have been written in Russia and for Russians alone; the same can be said about his "Sources of Russian Communism" and his "Russian Idea," written shortly before his death; they are highly representative of that philosophy of Russian history mentioned above. In fact they scarcely reveal a writer living outside of his

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native land. But other works published by Berdyaev in exile belong to the West as much and almost more than to Russia: "Freedom and the Spirit," "Slavery and Freedom," "The Destiny of Man," express Berdyaev's message to all men.

It will never be forgotten that in the totalitarian age in which he lived, Berdyaev was the great exponent of spiritual freedom. He analyzed it profoundly and powerfully asserted it. He was inspired above all by the words of Saint Paul: "Now the Lord is a Spirit: and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." Not only his religious philosophy, but his entire social and humanist conception is based on the person's absolute freedom and dignity, inasmuch as man is made in the image and likeness of God. However, Berdyaev's message was not only personalist, but also communitarian; it was based on the Russian religious conception of *Sobornost,* the solidarity and cooperation of all men through love, the responsibility of all men toward each other and before God. It was because his thought, his conception of social justice was grounded in this Russian Christian tradition of solidarity through love and in spiritual freedom, that his criticism of Russian communism went to the very root of the problem. What he condemned was not the attempt to create a new order, but the attempt of the Communists to create it through violence, and according to a mechanical organization, in other words to substitute matter for spirit, science for the living God.

On the other hand, Berdyaev stressed that Christians had not fulfilled their mission, had been unable to create a just social order. He accused them of keeping a "double set of books," one for personal salvation, neatly filled out, the other for social salvation, made up of false entries. He said that the goal of salvation was not "I," but "We," that seeking one's own bread was selfishness, but seeking bread for others was essential in a Christian's life. Berdyaev was a fighter, and as many will recall, the title of one of his most famous "fighting papers" was: "Of the Dignity of Christianity and of the Indignity of Christians." This title became the motto of the pre-war Christian social movement in France, among Russian-Orthodox, Catholic and Protestant youth alike. A motto which indeed can be translated into every language and adopted by all creeds.

Like Dostoyevsky, like Soloviev, Berdyaev believed that Russia's mission, "The Russian Idea," expressed in her saints, her great writers, and in the simple faith of her people, was not inspired by an idea of power over all, but of service to all. He often stressed that even Russian communism was a disfigured and distorted form of charity. This had been also pointed out by Dostoyevsky who wrote that Russian mysticism and Russian socialism was "the same question turned inside out." However, though Berdyaev recognized the immense spiritual dynamism of the Russian people, and himself powerfully expressed it in his writings, he also clearly beheld their faults. He criticized most severely the petrified forms of official Russian Orthodoxy, which he did much to break up. In the first chapter of "The Russian Idea" he writes: "From the empirical point of view, there is so much that repels in Russian history. . . . The Russians are a people in the highest degree polarized: they are a conglomeration of contradictions. One can be charmed by them, one can be disillusioned. The unexpected can always be expected from them."

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As has been said above, "The Russian Idea," one of Berdyaev's last books, might have been written in Russia and for Russians only. To the end of his life, he contributed actively to Russian Orthodox religious revival. But he was also in close contact with Western religious thought, he knew the Western spiritual leaders of his time, and not only knew them but was their friend. He took part in the Ecumenical Movement, and by the end of his life had become a truly international figure. He attended innumerable philosophical and religious conferences in Paris, London and Geneva, welcomed Protestants and Catholics in his home, and fought at the side of Western thinkers against Hitlerism, anti-Semitism, social injustice, the material and spiritual oppression of man.

It is characteristic that soon after the original Paris edition of "The Russian Idea," in his own tongue, he published in French a collection of articles in a volume entitled, *"Au Seuil de la Nouvelle Epoque,"* which might be called his spiritual testament, and in which he appears not as a strictly national thinker, but precisely as a "complete" Russian, as "a universal man." In these articles, some of which had appeared in various reviews, while others are rewritten speeches and lectures, Berdyaev speaks of the crisis of man and civilization in general and of the means of attaining salvation, on a universal scale. We sense how painfully the author is aware of the crisis which has not been solved, how impenetrable the night which surrounds him and which is even darker than when he entered the path of his religious experience: the night of history in which, after the war has been fought and peace restored to man, there is a continual threat of new bloodshed and violence, with new, more powerful weapons of destruction; night in human souls, in Christian souls, since Christians themselves, as Berdyaev so vehemently stressed, live and act like materialists and "arrange their affairs in such a way, that they might turn out well in case God did not exist"; night in human society, where brotherhood has not been achieved, where there is liberty without bread, or bread without liberty. And also night in the conscience of men, where 19th century humanism has suffered defeat and bankruptcy, while the new Christian humanism has not been established.

And yet, in this blackest of nights, in which Berdyaev was to die, still gleamed the familiar stars which had guided his life, and which had led him like the magi toward the unknown goal. From what we know of Berdyaev's last years in France, he must have suffered spiritually and physically to the extreme limits of his frail body and of his deeply sensitive soul. Somehow it was difficult to think of him as an old man, there was something ageless about him. But those who saw him at that last conference he attended at Geneva speak of

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him as of a ghostly figure, worn out and deathly pale, a man sick and alone standing on the threshold of that new world his thought was anxiously trying to shape; it was of that new world he was thinking April 25th, as he sat in his study in Clamart, correcting the proofs of his last book, until the pen fell from his hand, and the long, exhausting labor of his life came to an end.

But it is not of death that his message speaks to us. Reading *"Au Seuil de la Nouvelle Epoque,"* I can still see him clearly in that study in which I had so often worked with him under Chaadayev's portrait. I can imagine him there fighting the great battle to the end, writing in that firm unwavering hand, his article entitled "The Spirit and Force," in which he said: "I believe in the possibility of the transformation of conscience, in the revolution of conscience, in the spiritual reeducation of man. Then, before a different conscience, a different universe will arise."

Books

The Green Wave. Muriel Rukeyser. Doubleday. $2.50. *Aegean Islands. Bernard Spencer. Doubleday.* $2.50. *Figures for An Apocalypse. Thomas Merton. New Directions.* $2.50.

IN THESE days of meat and butter at a dollar a pound, it is wonderful indeed that for $2.50 a throw it is still possible to buy so much good new poetry. All these three poets listed above are serious, reputable, and excellent value for the money: the last, indeed, is possibly one of the new lintels of our literature, and a great light.

Muriel Rukeyser won a Guggenheim Fellowship for Creative Writing in 1942, and has been steadily increasing in stature ever since. Sometimes she is almost too pemmican a poet; and the poetry is actually lost in the pity, not merely contained in it:

Rage for the world as it is
but for what it may be
more love now than last year
and always less self-pity
since I know in a clearer light
the strength of the mystery.

At other times the verse, despite the burden of meaning, soars, as in the lovely "Clouds, airs, carried me away." Her translations from the Mexican Octavio Paz are very uneven. "Two bodies" is admirable:

Two bodies face to face
are at times two stones
and night is a desert

two bodies face to face
are at times two knives
and night strikes sparks

two bodies face to face
are at times two roots
and night is the earth.

But others are kites which the wind fails to lift, and which drag, bump, bump, over the mind's ground. The "raris" the love-spells of the Marquesas, from which also many translations are given, are mostly a trifle "cute," depending too much on strange words evocative of local color to get their meaning across. This, in a poem, is a lapse in taste comparable with leaning on foreign quotes in a conversation. Yet, occasionally, the meaning strives through, economically and admirably, as, for example:

When we parted from each other
there was only hunger.

Bernard Spencer wrote verse at Oxford; probably even at his prep school. But here is one of the few poets for whom the war was a window, and who has started flowering in middle age. He is careful, conservative: sometimes too wholly onomatopoetic, as

Rhyme for the runnels feeling among the crops
like fingers stroked through hair
. . . . . .
be glad for taps and nozzles and water flowering
the sozzling gardens drunk
blossoms catching like a match's flaring. . . .

Yet sometimes he succeeds completely in conveying, with English understatement, as in "Greek Excavations," just what he means to do:

the minimum wish
for the permanence of the basic things of life
for children and friends and having enough to eat
and the great key of a skill:

My mind was never turned the way
of the classic of the just and the unjust
I was looking for things which have a date
and less of the earth's weight
when I broke this crust.

He possesses also a beautifully balanced irony, explicit, for example, in "Frontier." Here is his delineation of the clerk who,

with reddened eyes
slowly turned marriage, travel and birth to paper
like indexing the dead
released one waiting figure towards the bed
of a lover, so long starved for morning and night;
others, a hundred miles to an epidemic
to power, to a famine, to be quite alone.

In his limited, precise way, he also sometimes suggests the cream-like quality of a Greuze painting, as in his account of the woman who,

Whether in the bringing of the flowers or the food
She offers plenty, and is part of plenty
And whether I see her stooping, or leaning with the flowers
What she does is ages old, and she is not simply,
No, but lovely in that way.

With Thomas Merton every reader of THE COMMONWEAL is familiar, and poems in "Figures for an Apocalypse" appeared first in these columns. He has tautened his verse immensely since "Man in the Divided Sea," and has added anger and humor to the already wide range of emotions which purge his poetry as well as his readers. The terrible choice is offered on the first page:

The eyes that will not coin Thy Incarnation
Figured in every field and flowering tree
How shall they pay for the drink of those last lights
Poured out on them that expect Thee?

The dirge for New York is appallingly magnificent, this threnody for a city that "lived four hundred years, with nickels running in her veins" and who was "callous

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as a taxi." To console the stars "for the so long survival of such wickedness" there shall be, the poet prophesies, where Grand Central was, "a little hill clustered with sweet, dark, pine."

Meantime:

> We are full of fear, and muter than the upside down stars
> That limp in the lame waters,
> Muter than the mother moon who, white as death
> Flies and escapes across the wastes of Jersey.

And the same theme is reverted to many times: in the advice to his friends, that is poignant as Christian's plea in Bunyan and in the Pilgrim's song:

> We have lived too long among your wicked children
> The flint-eyed brats who own your splendid streets
> The millionaires can have you, Egypt, with your onion-breath.

Here are thirty-one poems, many of which are joyous, almost gay, in contrast to these terrifying ones; here is also reprinted the great essay on "Poetry and the Contemplative Life," which first appeared in THE COMMONWEAL. Perhaps the most moving of all the verses, recalling Phillip Sidney's "Leave me, O love, that reachest but to dust" is the last. "The poet, to his books" asks:

> And will I wear you once again, in Purgatory
> Around my mad ribs like a shirt of flame?

and bids the "stubborn talker" find a station on the "loud world's corners"—

> Use there the rhythms that upset my silences
> And spend your pennyworth of prayer
> There in the clamor of the Christless avenues.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

A Little Treasury of American Poetry. Edited by Oscar Williams. Scribners. $3.75.

THERE IS NO end to the making of anthologies, and this has more reason than most. Like most anthologies, it has no pretensions to collective greatness. Rather does it aim at being representative. Not that it does not contain poems which may justly claim to be great, or almost great. One of its undoubted merits is that the younger and, in some cases, as yet unestablished poets, obtain a hearing because of the exalted company they keep. They do not always deserve implied renown by the mere rubbing of shoulders; but in gathering such a large party of poets between the covers of a single book (there are nearly nine hundred pages in it) it is perhaps inevitable that some should have gotten in by courtesy.

Mr. Williams, an expert anthologist, begins with the inclusion of a sheaf of American Indian poetry. It is rather difficult to see how this fits into a book of poems all written in English, in traditional forms until Walt Whitman came with his rhymeless chants of American democracy which, when all is said and done, was a logical outgrowth of English political ideas that had their inception in the Magna Carta. The reason Mr. Williams gives for the inclusion of "Amerindian" poems, as he calls the word creations of the Red Man, is "that the originals were important poetry and because it would be arrogant to call this book 'American' while omitting poetry that existed in America for long centuries before the short few hundred years of the white man's occupation." The anthologist discounts Longfellow's "Hiawatha" as a concept that is "essentially European, the white man's idea of what a savage should be."

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Mr. Williams has made his selections on a chronological basis, following his Indian poems with the first colonial products of Anne Bradstreet, Edward Taylor and Freneau, continuing with Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier and Holmes, going on to that great quartet, Melville, Whitman, Poe and Dickinson, all working in a different kind of isolation, until he comes to the considerable early twentieth group consisting of Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, Eleanor Wylie, Robinson Jeffers, Edgar Lee Masters, T. S. Eliot, Conrad Aiken and the rather dubious cigar-smoking Amy Lowell, not to mention a host of lesser poets. Finally, the anthologist devotes Part III to poets of our own day, to the number of thirty, most of whom, with half a dozen exceptions, are names unfamiliar to the general public. Some of these reveal distinct promise, notably Jean Garrigue, Lloyd Frankenberg and Peter Viereck. The better known poets of our time include, of course, the names of Robert Lowell, Frederic Prokosch and Robert Penn Warren.

Mr. Williams is a very discerning and intelligent anthologist. His selections do reveal each poet at his best—in most cases with several examples—so that the reader may not only have an adequate idea of native poetry but also not a little pleasure into the bargain.

JOHN COURNOS.

How to Enjoy Poetry. Robert Farren. Sheed. $3.00.

ROBERT FARREN'S approach to poetry is the evangelical one. He brings glad tidings for those who may not have heard them before. He is also a tempter. The logical thing would be to call his book delightful if you like your poetry served up as a box of "lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon," and if you prefer to read poems that are clear, sweet, unforgettable, quaint, charming, innocent, passionate, thrilling, etc. If on the other hand, you prefer poems to stand on their own grounds and be discovered in their own terms, this book is not for you. Robert Farren applies so many romantic adjectives to the poems he discusses that they lose their identity. They all cohere into one sticky mass. He has a love of poetry, it seems to me, which passeth all understanding of it.

I may be especially recalcitrant, but I get tired of being told, on page after page, to drink this in, or find this heartfelt, fervent or enchanting. I say to myself that I'll be damned if I can go on being deliciously soothed, or thrown into raptures, or sent "up dizzy to the stars."

If Mr. Farren's adjectives are extravagant, his explanations are none the less on a dull level. Will the general reader get any more enjoyment out of Fidele's "Dirge from Cymbeline" by studying this? "Golden (that is, high-born, or splendid) lads and girls all must come to dust (i.e., die) *as well as* (or *in the same way as*) chimney-sweepers (i.e., as all humble people)."

Will it help his understanding to study how "the jog-jog-jog in John Peel irresistibly spells out trotting?"

With all its on the tap enthusiasm, "The Enjoyment of Poetry" is fundamentally conventional and fearful. It closes with a few words of advice which I hope nobody takes: "But be humble, do not dismiss poets of repute too lightly; and above all do not dismiss them because their opinions differ from yours. A good poet's thoughts may be wrong: they are never petty or mean."

JOHN HAY.

Exile Ends In Glory. Thomas Merton. Bruce. $3.75.

WHEN a Trappist monk writes a book it is news. When he writes many books in quick succession it becomes a kind of splendid scandal. Yet the assignment of this particular book to so gifted a man as Thomas Merton (Frater M. Louis in religion) strikes me as being, upon the whole, a mistake. Presumably the idea, as in the sensationally named "The Man Who Got Even With God," is to publicize the Trappist Order. Though this publicity program seems to be justifying itself in the founding of several new Trappist monasteries and, very recently, in the establishment of the first American community of Trappistine nuns, there are many people who are uneasy at so startling a departure from Trappist traditions.

Mother Berchmans was a young French nun who was sent as a kind of contemplative missionary to Japan, where, after serving as cellarer, sacristan and novice-mistress, she died thirty-five years ago of tuberculosis at a relatively early age. The convent at which she lived at Hakodata now has a hundred nuns and is the largest Trappistine community in the world. It is a result no doubt brought about by her training of Japanese oblates, her personal sanctity, and her continued prayers.

"Exile Ends In Glory" is somewhat meagre in its presentation of the normal Trappist life, giving us instead a spirituality based upon Saint Margaret Mary, Gemma Galgani and the Little Flower. This will probably make it all the more acceptable to most of the readers it will find, though there may be some who will wonder why a greater emphasis was not laid upon liturgical piety. The literary style, while above the average of contemporary American biography, is less distinguished than one might have expected.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

The Death of Socrates. Romano Guardini. Translated by Basil Wrighton. Sheed. $3.00.

GUARDINI calls this masterful composition in his spectacular modesty: An interpretation of the Platonic Dialogues, Euthyphro, Apology, Crito and Phaedo. Mr. Wrighton has translated Guardini's work so well that it reads like an original. He has lost none of that deliberate shading and masterful weighing of Guardini for which he has become so famous. I am not in a position to say whether or not Guardini has thrown new light on the Death of Socrates, but one thing is certain, that none of his thoughts or words are superfluous and that the priest and Christian Guardini, without claiming the sage of Athens with a sleight-of-hand or rejecting him as a pagan, has focused his whole life for all times to come. The ascetic and sparse form of Guardini's style, his clarity and conciseness are never achieved through short cuts or superficiality. This is a profound book and a complete disproof that you cannot write German without being confused and confusing. Guardini has in this great book also shed that irritating preciousness which troubled his middle period. That he could be equally great when writing on Socrates, as when he wrote on the liturgy, the Church, Dante, Soloviev, Kierkegaard, Pascal, Newman or the "Lord of the Gospels" is proof of his greatness. It is a pity that so many of his finest books have never been translated into English. Time will come when his "Opera Omnia" will stand beside the men whom he interpreted, because whether it be Our Lord

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or His Church or Pascal or Socrates, in the last analysis it is Romano Guardini of Italian parents, born and by voluntary choice a German, without the customary intellectual nostalgias for heroic or greatest centuries past, a man who faces liberalism, nazism, communism, romanticism and secularism with a calm that almost frightens to find the features of God for his contemporaries—a true Theo-logian, a speaker and thinker of God.

H. A. REINHOLD.

Case History of Japan. Francis J. Horner. Sheed. $3.00.

LOOKING BACK on my fourteen years among the Japanese, says Mr. Francis J. Horner, "I now realize how many were the opportunities I had of obtaining a real insight into their character." And although he himself voices a regret that he sometimes let opportunities slip by him, this can be taken as a modest man's recognition of his human imperfection, while the reader will find "Case History of Japan" a fascinating account of "why they behave like Japanese."

Mr. Horner—the pen name of a British diplomat who did educational work in Japan for 14 years—does not give the sort of explanation that bases the behavior of the Japanese upon their early toilet training. Instead, he goes into the entire history of the Japanese nation from the earliest times, with particular emphasis on religious influences. He describes Shinto in its three forms, the domestic cult, the communal cult, and the state cult. With regard to State Shinto, Mr. Horner says that we are in danger of getting a false perspective from inaccurate accounts that have been published of it. Japanese emperors "have been murdered; they have been banished; they have been forcibly deposed," and in order to understand the Japanese it is essential to make a distinction between the emperor as a man and the emperor as an institution. After the fall of the Shogunate in 1868 State Shinto was developed more strongly than before, in order to weld the country into a unit under the emperor, and this tendency was greatly increased after 1931, when the Japanese began their plan of world conquest. Now however, by a simple decree of General MacArthur, State Shinto has been abolished.

The great influence of Buddhism, and the Japanese reaction to it, is another thread in the complex web of history. The influence of Christianity, first brought by Saint Francis Xavier in 1549, was of course much less, for within the space of ninety years it was all but wiped out by terrible massacres. Yet a French mission in 1865 was able to discover no less than twenty communities of secret Christians.

After devoting about half the book to the political and religious history of the Japanese, Mr. Horner turns to interpreting their present conduct. First, he suggests that when the psychology of the Japanese has been analyzed, it may turn out not to differ so much from our own. Then he gives over a hundred pages describing, often from incidents that he himself experienced, a national character so extraordinarily divergent from our own that it is difficult to hold onto the basic fact that the Japanese are, after all, of the same species with ourselves. Lastly, in two chapters outlining the problems of reconstruction and of establishing the new order, he reaffirms his conviction. We too, he points out, are interested in "face"; we have our "face-saving formulas," and so we should understand *dakyo,* which means exactly that. We too

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about

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have the conceptions of family and patriotic loyalty, of being under an obligation to return a favor, of "disgracing the Regiment" (or the school, or the college). The Japanese conceptions are basically similar to ours, only they have certain of them far more intensely, so that, for example, a man will behave to his intimate friend in a way which seems to us the height of despicable treachery, simply because he feels another loyalty entirely overriding that of friendship. "In short, the points of similarity between us and the Japanese are many more than are the points of difference. What has to be remembered is that what we in the West do sometimes and in certain circumstances, the Japanese tend to do all the time and in all circumstances. They will *always* conceal their emotion in front of a guest or acquaintance; they will *always* repay what they are taught to consider an obligation; they will *always* make use of a 'cushion' to soften delicate contacts; they will *always* adjust their moral behavior to circumstances and situations; they *always* move in fear of public opinion."

But however great is Mr. Horner's ability to see likenesses beneath striking differences, he is not among those comparative sociologists who, noticing that morals are not the same among all peoples, conclude that all morals are "relative," and nothing is wrong and nothing right. He likens our task as conquerors and educators in Japan to that of treating a psychological illness or disorder. As for the way in which we are at present performing this task, he thinks well of General MacArthur. For the long range future, he is optimistic; he finds that the Japanese character is seeking an Ideal, and has a great hope that they will find this ideal in Christ. NIKA STANDEN.

The Negro Ghetto. Robert Weaver. Harcourt. $3.75.

THE DECISION of the U.S. Supreme Court on May 3, 1948, declaring that restrictive covenants cannot legally be enforced, was a major victory in the democratic and Christian battle against racial segregation. But winning a battle, even such an important one as this, does not mean the end of the fight. Unfortunately many liberal and well-meaning citizens have viewed it in just that light. Their first reaction to the Supreme Court's declaration was one of complacent relief: the Government has settled everything; now we can turn our energies to attacking some other form of injustice. Such, at least, was my own reaction. It took "The Negro Ghetto" to open my eyes to the complexity of a problem which no court decision alone can solve. The legal protection of restrictive covenants is gone; the social and the economic factors still are there.

It is a thorough story that Robert Weaver tells, and he is well qualified to tell it. With a Harvard background, he has had a long record of public service in race relations and Federal housing. In "The Negro Ghetto" he has traced the whole genesis of racial segregation, from its incipience in Philadelphia in the 1780's, to its full flowering in the modern Black Belts. Causes, effects, and remedies—all are here, making a picture at once grim and hopeful.

The ultimate solution to the problem, according to Dr. Weaver, does not consist in opening up present all-white areas to mixed occupancy. That effort, he feels certain, will achieve little. The real break-down of segregation will come through large-scale housing projects, with simultaneous occupancy by members of both races. In such self-contained communities, neighborhood consciousness will form itself around the de facto situation of mixed races.

But a lot of grist has gone through the mill before the author brings the reader to that conclusion. His book is filled with facets of information and thought which may enlighten even some who are well-versed in racial problems. For example, the fact that segregation "tends to give recognition prematurely to Negroes who seem outstanding only because the majority group has low standards by which to judge them. As a result, mediocrity is often mistaken for talent."

It is a scholarly book, but by no means heavy reading. Footnotes are held to a minimum, and helpful charts and tables vivify the text. It is comforting for the Catholic to read the statement of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, quoted by the author. The statement pillories segregation, and calls upon Catholics to "discountenance the enforcement of restrictive covenants and work for their removal." Catholics who read Dr. Weaver's book will be in a better position to do just that.

LEO J. TRESE.

First Love. Three Short Novels by Ivan Turgenev. Translated by Constance Garnett. Lear. $3.50.

THE FIRST of the three short novels collected in this volume—"First Love"—gives us Turgenev at his most romantic; the second—"The Diary of a Superfluous Man"—at his most ironic; the third—"Acia"—lies midway between. But all three illustrate Turgenev's rare gift of successfully fusing acute realistic observation with poetic charm. His eye and his heart are always in balance; each always assists, never betrays the other. The men and women he brings to memorable life are unmistakably national types and yet also universal types; and yet again, they are always, however typical, individuals whom Turgenev understands so well that he is able (although never bathetically) to love them—and through his unassuming artistry is able to make us follow his lead.

Prefacing the tales are excellent "appreciations" by Henry James, Joseph Conrad and Prosper Mérimée. (The James essay is cut; those interested in consulting the complete version will find it, together with a sketch of Turgenev's background and career, in the recent Oxford University Press collection of James's critical writings, "The Art of Fiction.") DAVID BURNHAM.

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